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# THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN.

JO. B. ROGERS, Publisher.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PARTY IN THE FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

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VOL. V.

HARTFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1892.

NO. 22.

## Consumption

That dreaded and dreadful disease! What shall stay its ravages? *Thousands say Scott's Emulsion of pure Norwegian cod liver oil and hypophosphites of lime and soda has cured us of consumption in its first stages. Have you a cough or cold acute or leading to consumption? Make no delay but take*

*Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, and all Anemic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bowe, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.*

## Scott's Emulsion

SEPTEMBER  
Marks the Opening of the  
FALL and WINTER TRADE.

We offer for your inspection a  
**LARGE STOCK**  
Of New and Desirable Goods at  
Troy Department Stores  
AT THE  
HOTEL STORE,

IMPORTED SUITINGS  
From the fashion centers of Europe.  
AMERICAN FABRICS  
In new and beautiful patterns.  
EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS  
In fall and winter novelties.

OUR NAME ON ANY PACKAGE MEANS  
BEST VALUES FOR LOWEST PRICES  
\\$2,000 Fall and Winter  
Cloaks, Latest Styles,  
\\$1.50 to \$3.50 each.  
C. A. Overstreet & Co.  
338 Fourth Ave., Louisville, Ky.

BUY THE  
**LIGHT RUNNING**  
**NEW HOME**  
SEWING MACHINE  
The Best is the Cheapest.  
Send TEN cents to 29 Union Sq., N.Y.,  
for our prize game, "Blind Luck," and  
win a New Home Sewing Machine.  
The New Home Sewing Machine Co.,  
Orange, Mass.  
28 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.  
CHICAGO BOSTON BOSTON ATLANTA BIRMINGHAM CAL.  
NEW YORK NEW YORK NEW YORK  
FOR SALE BY GALLERIES.

DO YOU COUGH  
AT DELA  
KEMP'S BALSAM  
THE BEST COUGH CURE  
Largest Cough, Sore Throat, Group, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and for all other diseases of the lungs. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

WORMS!  
WHITE'S CREAM  
VERMIFUGE  
FOR 20 YEARS  
Has had all Worm Remedies.  
EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.  
SOLED EVERYWHERE.  
Prepared by RICHARDSON-TAYLOR, CO., LTD.

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LEXINGTON, KY.  
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Very beautiful and healthful. For detailed address,  
WILBUR R. SMITH, LEXINGTON, KY.



Was it a new turn in her madness?  
Was he about to be thrust over the walls of  
paradise? While he stood in a whirl of  
new wonderment the man in the parlor  
came out into the hall. Annie grasped  
convulsively at her husband's arm the moment  
she saw the stranger. The latter advanced  
with outstretched hand, and smiling.

"Don't you know me, Annie?"  
She feared she was the portrait  
in her father's library personnel.

"Who are you?" she managed to gasp.  
"Who am I? Your cousin, William Burnett. Am I welcome?"

The man's face crept closer, a faint smile upon the man at her side, whose perturbation was almost as great as her own.

"Then—who are you?"

"I also am William Burnett, but no relative of yours, save what the ceremony just now made me. I called to see your father about a baseball engagement, and I begin to fear there has been some mistake."

He didn't finish the expression of his fear.

Annie fainted, and he had just time to  
save her from a hard fall upon the tessellated  
floor.

The events which followed during the  
next few days and weeks as the sequel to  
the strange adventure of one of the  
William Burnetts cannot be related  
herein. They would fill several volumes  
instead of several columns, and this is  
a sketch—not a serial. The sayings and  
doings of the two men were observed  
at home and learned what had occurred in  
his absence would, if properly set forth,  
in our next!" until some time in March.

He wanted the life of the man who had  
deceivingly become his son-in-law; but Burnetts  
friends knew Colonel Taylor as well as  
they loved William. As a consequence  
Taylor's vengeance could not reach the victim.

Meanwhile Annie recovered from the  
shock which fell upon her at the discovery  
of the truth in her heart that the mistake was  
"just lovely" after all. When her father  
first proposed application for divorce on  
the grounds of fraud, Annie pleaded for  
time. Finally she sent to him some other  
than—who would stand by him?

The colonel stormed enough in those few  
months to lash an ocean into fury. But  
after every storm comes a peaceful calm.

Burnett's friend and the friend of Colonel  
Taylor—Mr. Carter—acted as mediator.

He had valuable aid from Cousin Burnett,

Colonel Taylor's friend, who professed  
himself to be an unselfish man, and succeeded thus  
in winning a regard from Annie he  
never could have won as her en-

emy. The final peace between Colonel  
Taylor and his son-in-law was made  
possible when Annie had married him.

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Colonel Taylor did go back to school after all,  
beginning with the following scholastic  
year, and Burnett somehow found means to  
continue at college until he graduated.

Then there was another wedding—although  
unnecessary in the eyes of the law,  
but to celebrate the pleasure of Colonel Taylor,  
who declared that he had not had his  
dinner yet.

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Colonel Taylor did go back to school after all

## Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

JO. B. ROGERS, Editor and Proprietor.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1892.

CHOLERA is spreading in Hamburg.

It's time to pick out the new leaf you propose to turn over—Sunday.

CHRISTMAS brought the usual number of killings, fights, drunks and broken heads.

BORN, to-morrow night about mid-night, to the wife of Father Time, a bouncing boy, 1893.

The Democratic leaders have an elephant on their hands in the Tariff question. They realize as everybody else that "they'll be damned if they do and be damned if they don't," and they are uncertain as to which is less dangerous "to do" or "to don't." In the mean time the Republicans will look on and "just let 'em fight it."

It is not without sadness that we announce the approaching demise of a very worthy being, who has been for many days the companion of us all. But such is our duty. We all know him. He has been a friend to us all. We may censure him, perhaps. He has given us gifts and has taken from us. He has made our hearts both glad and sad. He is dying, yet we love him still. Around him some will entwine garlands, others will re-visit him in tears, but all will love his memory ever. The stiff grasp of his hand is cold in death. Speak gently, he will soon be gone. Dear old year, for aye, Good bye!

At no time in the history of Hartford since the days following the killing of Kincheloe by Dr. Hart have our people been so intensely excited over any event as they have been during the last few days over the developments in the disgusting scandal, with the details of which our reader are already acquainted, and which forms the darkest page in the annals of the town. Our citizens have gathered in all the business places, have collected in little knots on the streets, anywhere, everywhere to discuss the disclosures of the last few days. Our people have read newspaper accounts of such affairs occurring elsewhere, but this has been real experience. They have needed the efforts of no sensational reporter to help them realize its full weight. It has been seen and felt by every good citizen to be, not merely a newspaper sensation, but an absolute fact; and unvarnished shame. May a kind Providence deliver us from another such.

The spirit of charity is not always confined to those who make the greatest pretensions in that direction, nor are acts of benevolence performed alone by long-faced followers of the Nazarene. Many, many times deeds that bear evidence of the promptings of a heart beating in harmony with the great pulse of humanity come to our notice when the unpretentious giver of good things claims none of these distinctions. A case in point: Last Saturday a little child was put on Field's bus at Beaver Dam with few, or no directions as to where it should go. But on the way over it was learned the child would be sent to the Poor House. A gentleman on the bus, prominent citizen of Hartford, was carrying home Christmas tricks for his bright little ones, but who, thought he, will make glad the heart of this little out-cast, who in a few hours will be in the Poor House? That evening Santa Claus was ordered, in making his joyous rounds, not to pass by the little one at the home prepared for those who have no home, without leaving a sufficiency to make the little wanderer happy. Such deeds are not forgotten, neither by man nor God.

## HARDINSBURG.

Dec. 26.—Miss Amie L. Gardner, of Union College, Barboursville, was at home last week.

Will Miller and Isabella Miller; John Hendricks and Clara Miller were married Dec. 22, at the home of the bride.

Martin McCleary, one of the oldest citizens of the town, died Dec. 23. Miss Sallie Hook, a young lady of about fourteen died Dec. 24.

Estel Sutton, Louisville, is at home visiting his parents.

James Casey, of Cloverport, came to town the other day and imbibed too freely. He was locked up and subsequently fined. Will Beard, who was also drunk, made himself conspicuous by interfering with the officer while taking Casey to jail. He was also taken before the Court and fined. People who come to this town and get drunk and disorderly, may expect to pay for their hilarity.

Misses Mattie Heston and Emma May, who are teaching school, were at home to spend the holidays.

Mrs. Lula Bush went to Bewleyville Saturday to visit her sister, Mrs. Piggott.

Christmas is observed to commemorate the birth of Christ. It should be kept with reverence like the Sabbath. Quite the opposite is true however. It seems to be growing fashionable now-a-days, for persons to get drunk on Christmas. Young men who are sober throughout the year take this day to get on a spree. More

whisky is sold Christmas than any day in the year, unless it is an election day. It is getting time that this damnable traffic should be swept from the face of the earth.

"Poor old Kentucky, she is still swinging on behind." The time has been when Kentucky at home and abroad was recognized as the Grand Commonwealth. That time has passed. It is not necessary to mention the stupid and inexcusable system of politics that has pervaded the atmosphere for the last quarter of a century in this State. Everything smells strongly of Bourbon Democracy.

The remarkable assininity exhibited by the present Legislature, however, has clapped the climax. Owing to the stupendous stupidity of this body, Kentucky will not be represented at the World's Fair. The Solons, who are assembled at Frankfort flatter themselves perhaps, with the assurance that they are doing infinitely more in the heart of a faithful pastor, than their intrinsic value and far more than the payment of the same amount on his salary. The latter being simply the payment of a debt, while the former is a most gratifying expression of apreciation.

Pleasant Ridge is the youngest church of the Daviess County Association. She pays her pastor's salary every month and not then content with that, but delights to give him an exhibition of the high esteem in which he is held by them in these extra contributions to his comfort and encouragement. Let this example be emulated by older and richer churches.

May Heaven's richest benedictions rest upon every donor, and upon my precious little church at Pleasant Ridge.

**Hook-Snead.**

Mr. Clint P. Hook and Miss Mary Snead were united in marriage at the M. E. Church in Hardinsburg on the evening of Dec. 22, Rev. W. B. Snead officiating. P. Morris Beard and Miss Lida Heston were the attendants. Mr. Hook is the local editor of the Republic, the organ of the Third Party in this Congressional District. Miss Snead is the popular daughter of Rev. W. B. Snead. The Church was filled with the friends of the happy couple.

ROBIN HOOD.

**Superintendent's Visits.**

Monday, Nov. 28.—No. 67; J. L. Hoover, teacher. Visitors present, 15. A new house has been built during the year, one of the best, in fact, in the county.

TAYLOR FIELD.

No. 83; J. J. Keown and Miss Martha Keown, teachers. Pupils enrolled in Census Report, 7; pupils enrolled in school, 65; pupils present, 34. Cause of absence, work at home. No improvements, though a set of new desks is very badly needed.

GREERS.

No. 45; E. R. Rhoads, teacher. Pupils enrolled in Census Report, 63; pupils enrolled in school, 49; pupils present, 17. Causes of absence, bad condition of house and insufficient fuel. A new house is building, which, when completed, will be quite a neat house.

BIRKS.

No. 80; Miss Sallie Davidson, teacher. Pupils enrolled in Census Report, 69; pupils enrolled in school, 30; pupils present, 19. Visitors, Isaac Griffith, T. J. Hardin; Mrs. Belle Hardin, Moscow and Rosco Hardin, Lenis Griffith. A very good house, needing to be furnished with new desks.

HAYNESVILLE.

Tuesday, Dec. 1—No. 42; J. D. Hocke, teacher. Pupils enrolled in Census Report, 63; pupils enrolled in school, 52; pupils present, 32. Visitors, Will Baunton, Alfred Phillips, Addison Lanham, Jordon Haynes, C. P. Keene, W. C. Keene, E. N. Marion, C. Marion.

BEECH VALLEY.

Monday, Dec. 5—No. 37; Miss Eva Andersen, teacher. Pupils enrolled in Census Report, 77; pupils enrolled in school, 65; pupils present, 30. Visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Joe W. Wright, Mattie and Annie Wright, Tom and Henry Wright, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Midkiff, Richard Midkiff, Lena, Cora and Allen Midkiff. Total, 12.

CLARKS.

No. 77; D. E. Ward, teacher. Pupils enrolled in district, 81; pupils present, 18; cause of absence, neglect on part of patrons. Visitors, Gus Evans, Mrs. J. D. Smith and Mrs. D. E. Ward. A nice lot of patent desks has been purchased since last year.

GUM SPRINGS.

Tuesday, Dec. 6—No. 92; W. C. Gray, teacher. Pupils enrolled in district, 46; pupils enrolled in school, 34; pupils present, 25. Visitors, William P. Withers, Mrs. Alice Whittinghill, Mrs. Abbie Withers, Mrs. Alice Whittinghill, Mrs. Polina Whittinghill and Miss Lizzie Whittinghill.

OAKS.

No. 39; J. W. Petty, teacher. Pupils enrolled in district, 77; pupils enrolled in school, 47; pupils present, 35. Visitors, Messrs. Odell, Beatty, Roberts, Chancellor, Oller, Martin; Mr. Tuttle and Miss Bryant.

Through an unavoidable delay I failed to get to Poplar Grove, where Mr. L. Ford Truman is teaching. He has 45 pupils enrolled and an average of about 30. I learn the bright girls

and boys are advancing rapidly. The following were out: Rufus Cheek, Manch Free, Henry Marlow, Tim Cheek; Miss Sallie Cheek, Mrs. Sallie Cheek, Mrs. Martha Hill. Total, 7.

WHITTINGHILL.

Wednesday, Dec. 7—No. 34; Miss Mollie Toustall, teacher. Pupils in district, 102; pupils enrolled in school, 92; pupils present, 35. Visitors, Wm. H. Marshall, Cicero Whittinghill, John Johnson, Cicero Miller, Remus Carter and another I failed to get. Total, 7.

**Surprise Box.**

MR. EDITOR.—Will you be so kind as to allow me space in your valuable paper to acknowledge the receipt from my congregation at Pleasant Ridge, Daviess county, Ky., of a large box well filled with both the necessities and luxuries of life, as a Christmas present to their pastor and family. Such offerings are worth infinitely more in the heart of a faithful pastor, than their intrinsic value and far more than the payment of the same amount on his salary. The latter being simply the payment of a debt, while the former is a most gratifying expression of appreciation.

Pleasant Ridge is the youngest church of the Daviess County Association. She pays her pastor's salary every month and not then content with that, but delights to give him an exhibition of the high esteem in which he is held by them in these extra contributions to his comfort and encouragement. Let this example be emulated by older and richer churches.

May Heaven's richest benedictions rest upon every donor, and upon my precious little church at Pleasant Ridge.

J. S. COLEMAN, Pastor.

P. S.—Since receiving the box mentioned above, we have also been made the happy recipients of similar favors from a number of kind ladies of our Hartford congregation. How gratifying to the heart of a hard-working pastor, who has made large sacrifices and endured great hardships in behalf of a people, to be remembered by even a few of the most thoughtful ones of his church. Thanking these most affectionately for their kindness, may others learn how to appreciate and encourage and render happy a faithful servant.

J. S. COLEMAN, Pastor.

**The Importance of The Sunday School Union.**

It is evident to everyone that no enterprise so extensive in its influence, so eternal in its results should be neglected as is the Sunday School. Every other enterprise of like nature is well organized. The literary school has an almost perfect organization for the purpose of training the intellectual in man, and it seems that it is only reasonable that the schools for the spiritual development of man should receive all the advantages to be obtained by a fraternal and mutually assisting organization.

It is true we are backed by no State School Fund, and, with little material for leaders, except what is inspired by an enthusiasm, which, too, often degenerates into a fanaticism hurtful to the cause, which it upholds—the Sunday School is too often a failure.

The teachers very often are untrained, having little or almost no knowledge of the subject to be taught to the class and very seldom is one found who takes enough interest in this all-important work to teach as a class should be taught. The consequence is that not one-half of the Sunday Schools are what they should be.

The object of the Sunday School Union is not to interfere with the work of the churches, not to organize Union Sunday Schools, only where any other is impracticable, but to train teachers and officers for their work, to inspire them with zeal and love for their noble cause and to organize and keep in operation schools in communities where there are no Sunday Schools. Will the twenty-five or thirty church buildings in the county that have no Sunday School co-operate with us that we may help them? Will those that have Sunday Schools work with us that their schools may be improved and be productive of better result? "We are workers together in Christ," then let us not impede, but assist each other in any enterprise, which has for its aim the moral spiritual advancement of the people.

L. R. BARNETT,  
Pres. S. S. U.

Enough as Good as a Feast.



Husband—My dear, inasmuch as this is New Year's day I have a suggestion to make.

Wife—What is it?

Husband—Suppose we swear off on that Christmas turkey.

New Year's Advice.

Put by the pipe, put by the bowl,  
Put by the word profane,  
The seasons in their onward roll  
Bring New Year's round again.

Put by the eyes whose desire glows  
How to win your brat avails;  
Put by the ears whose voice we know  
That winsome, witching girl.

All things on which cold reason frowned  
Put by—but show your sense!  
And put them where they'll all be found  
A month or six weeks hence.

—Washington Critic.

Not Fit.



St. Peter (to the ghost of 1892)—What are you thinking of around here?

1892—Why, I want to get in.

St. Peter—Well, you'd better shake off some of the habits that you learned on earth first.

He Was There.



Dashaway—I thought you were going to see the old year out at Clubberry's last night? I looked in there about 12, but I didn't see anything of you.

Jugaway—You didn't go far enough, old man. You ought to have looked under the table.

—Chicago News.

Hallay—I shan't be around you this year, but I'll be back next year.

Stealing upon the earth with noiseless tread,  
Within thine eyes a prophecy sublime.

The promise of the ages long since fled.

Instructed by thy hands that task to spread

The realms of peace, when thy mission now

Uproars its ruthless and defiant head.

Child of the voiceful centaur we leave thee!

—Chicago News.

For Sale.

A good farm containing 212 acres of land. About one-half cleared; good improvements, well watered. Lies four miles South of Fordsville on the extension of the Owensboro & Falls of Rough railroad. For terms, call on or address, JOHN J. McHENRY, Hartford, Ky.

Opposite Sulzer and near Cloverport Hotel, Cloverport, Ky.

SHACKEMACKA, a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Scd'y by Z. ayne Griffis & Bros.

A Free Trip to The World's Fair, and countless other attractive premiums, from a doll to a watch, bicycle, organ or rifle, are offered for a little pleasant wear home, by the publishers of WIDE AWAKE. For full particulars, free, address W. F. Kellogg, Box 188, Boston, Mass. 16 Im.

HARRIS & REED,

BARBERS.

Opposite Sulzer and near Cloverport Hotel, Cloverport, Ky.

DRUNKENESS, OR THE LIQUOR HABIT Cur'd at Home in Ten Days by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will affect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a heavy drinker or a moderate one.

It has been given in a thousand cases, and in every case a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed, 48 page book of particulars free. Address GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 RADE Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Coughing Lotions to Conquer.

Kemp's Balsom stops the cough at once.

DO YOU WANT TO MARRY? or do you wish social letters from gentlewomen and ladies of means and from all over the country? just send one ten cents and receive a copy of the elegant matrimonial paper called ORANGE Blossoms, which will afford you more healthful enjoyment than you had for many a day; each issue contains many choice letters from young ladies and gentlemen wanting correspondents from those of the opposite sex; there is also a column for women who have not found fits for their hero's golden opportunity. Address ORANGE LOSSESON, room 15, 18 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.

Lane's medicine moves the bowels every day.

In order to be healthy this is necessary.

&lt;p

# FAIR BROS. & CO.



"I GUESS NOT."

Can't get them cheaper than that?

I GUESS NOT.

"Well it's the lowest price I ever heard of anyone giving for such goods."

I GUESS NOT.  
HOW?

Why at Fair Bros. & Co.'s they are rather better and rather cheaper.

IT'S THE SAME WITH EVERYTHING.

Just Come and See.

Hartford Temple of Fashion

FAIR BROS. & CO. Props.

Furniture! Furniture!!

For Ward-Robes

Dressers, Suits, Rockers or anything in the

General Furniture Line, see

T. J. MORTON.

N. N. & M. V. R. R.



TRAINS LEAVE BEAVER DAM.  
TRAINS GOING WEST.  
No. 5, Mail and Express.....12:30 p. m.  
No. 7, Limited Express.....11:30 p. m.  
TRAINS GOING EAST.....14:45 p. m.  
No. 6, Mail and Express.....3:42 a. m.  
No. 8, Limited Express.....3:42 a. m.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1892.

#### Incorporation Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the Articles of Incorporation, pursuant to chapter 56, General Statutes of Kentucky, of the Gaines Coal Company have been duly acknowledged and filed for record in the Ohio County Clerk's Office. The names of the Incorporators are W. S. Gaines and W. O. Read. The principal business of the Company will be mining and dealing in coal and buying and selling dry goods, groceries, notions, &c., and doing a general merchandise business, and its principal place of business, Fordsville, Kentucky. The capital stock of the company shall be \$20,000, divided into 200 shares of \$100 each, of which \$5,000 has now been subscribed and fully paid up. The corporation shall begin business on this day and continue for twenty-five years. Its business shall be conducted by a President, General Manager, Secretary and Treasurer, and Superintendent, who shall be elected annually on the second Monday in December in each year. The highest amount of indebtedness or liability the incorporation may incur shall not exceed three-fourths of paid up stock of said corporation. The private property of the stockholders of the Company shall be exempt from liability for the debts of the Company.

Witness our hands this 6th day of November, 1892.

W. S. GAINES,

W. O. READ.

By M. L. Heavrin, Attorney for said Company.

Charles Winsatt and Miss Lucretia Richardson were married last Sunday morning at the residence of the bride's father, B. E. Richardson, of the Clear Run neighborhood, Rev. E. P. Tate officiating.

At a colored dance at McHenry Monday night Sam Mack was shot by some unknown party, but only a slight flesh wound was inflicted. The shooting occurred in the house, but the one who did it could not be located.

Ben Raley and Miss Francis Shaver, of the Shinkle Chapel neighborhood, were married last Sunday at the residence of the bride's father, Felix Shaver. The young people are prominent in the community in which they live.

We acknowledge receipt of complimentary ticket to the Christmas Entertainment, of Brownsboro Public School, Brownsboro, Ky., of which Prof. Z. O. King is teacher. Mr. King is an old Ohio county boy and one of the leading teachers of State.

Lee Stevens was summoned Saturday night to go with Deputy Sheriff J. S. Mosely to the Milligan farm, two miles North of town in search of Milligan, after the search at the Commercial, and on taking from his pocket the pistol with which the Sheriff armed him, the hammer caught in the lining causing a discharge; the ball, a .32 caliber, passing through his right hand inflicting a painful flesh wound. He will be all right in a few days.

George Scott, one of Butler county's popular teachers, accompanied by his estimable wife, was on his way last Friday to Webster county to spend the holidays with his father's family, when on the levee North of town his horse became frightened, ran away and demolished the cart on which they were making the trip. The young people put up at Mrs. Amanda Barnett's for the night and Saturday morning the dauntless young pedagogue took his lady on the horse behind him and turned his face homeward to get a new start.

#### Almost a Killing.

A difficulty that came near proving fatal occurred at Cromwell last Saturday night. Several parties, including Col. Beatty, Town Marshal, were in W. T. Tillford's dry goods store, when Frank and Ike Cooper came in. Tillford, who was drunk, immediately made at Ike Cooper with a knife, but Frank pulled Ike out of Tillford's way, but he crowded Cooper and Col. Beatty walked up and commanded that peace be maintained, when Tillford left Cooper and turned upon Beatty, throwing his left arm around the latter's neck, saying: "D—n you I've got you now where I've wanted you a long time," at the same time plunging the knife almost to the jaws just behind the jugular vein. Beatty, by a quick motion, lifted Tillford's arm before he could lengthen the gash and thus saved his life. Halt the width of the knife blade farther front would have severed the vein and death would have been the result. Tillford is doing a good business but has had a reputation for years of being extremely quarrelsome when drunk. Beatty is a quiet citizen, a detective of some note and is a prospective applicant for a Deputy Marshalship under the new administration.

#### Webb-Woodward.

Robert Webb and Miss Annie Woodward, of the Beda neighborhood, were married at the C.P. Church at that place yesterday evening. Rev. W. S. Winkler pronounced the words that made them man and wife. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple repaired to John W. Stevens', Kinderhook, where a grand reception awaited them. Mr. Webb is a prosperous young farmer and Miss Woodward, a daughter of Elijah Woodward, is very prominent in the society in which she moves. We wish them a long and happy life.

#### Great Clearance Sale.

In order to reduce our immense stock of dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, hats, caps, etc., we have concluded to sell our goods, regardless of cost, so that you can buy now whatever you want at your own price. This sale will be continued until the 8th of January, 1893.

#### Kahn's TRADE PALACE.

If you want conveyance to and from Beaver Dam, or any where, leave your orders with Casebier & Burton.

You'll find a man who says the Court House yard don't need a new fence, why we'll have our devil to pay.

The Wind-mill at the Court House Saturday night was a big success. J. B. Wilson discounts the genuine Santa Claus at least fifty percent. Hurrah, for John!

John B. Wilson was called Monday to the bedside of his mother, Mrs. Levy Wilson, Prentiss, who received injuries from being thrown from a buggy during a run-a-way the day before.

Charles Winsatt and Miss Lucretia Richardson were married last Sunday morning at the residence of the bride's father, B. E. Richardson, of the Clear Run neighborhood, Rev. E. P. Tate officiating.

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#### A Bargain.

I now have for sale two fine blooded race horses. One of them is Tom Nichols, the celebrated thoroughbred stallion, and the other is Bon Fune, a thoroughbred race horse, both of national reputation. Both horses are sure foal getters and can show as fine a lot of colts as was ever seen anywhere. These horses must and will be sold at a bargain, so if you want to buy, do so at once. Call on or address me at Beaver Dam, Ky. 17 ft.

HORACE BARNES.

I have several tig-top second-hand Sewing Machines that I would gladly trade for corn or hay. Write, or call and see me.

#### GROSS WILLIAMS.

The Last Chance

To buy your overcoats at Kahn's Clothing House at your own price; only a few left.

#### TOWN TAXES.

Those who have not paid their town taxes are earnestly requested to do so at once. I must make settlement soon and your prompt action in the matter will be appreciated and will save time and trouble.

#### Res'y, W. P. THOMAS.

For Rent

The Commercial Hotel. Call on or address,

#### G. J. BEAM.

#### PERSONAL

J. R. Collins, Memphis, is in town. Sam L. Casebier went to Memphis Wednesday.

H. P. Taylor returned from Louisville Saturday.

E. P. Moore, Sulphur Springs, was in town this week.

Alvis Bennett, Beda, made us a pleasant call yesterday.

Clarence Field returned from Louisville Monday night.

Dr. J. R. Pirtle, Nashville, is at home during the holidays.

Judge C. W. Massie returned from Elizabethtown Wednesday.

C. M. Cole spent the holidays with his parents at Sulphur Springs.

B. D. Ringo and wife returned from Logan county yesterday.

Fred Baruch went to Louisville Sunday, returning Monday night.

Charlie Westerfield, of Louisville, spent Christmas with his parents.

Col. J. S. R. Wedding went to Louisville Sunday, returning Tuesday.

R. E. Lee Simmerman is spending the week with A. F. Stanley, Rochester.

Prof. J. D. Coleman, of the City High School, Frankfort, was at home this week.

Miss Elva Morton spent Christmas with Miss Denton and Galloway at Robards.

Miss Nettie Rogers, of the Liberty neighborhood, is spending the holidays in Louisville.

Mrs. Judge John P. Morton is visiting her sister, Mrs. Warren Baker, near McHenry.

Misses Rosa and Sophia Weorner, who have been in Louisville several weeks, came home Monday.

J. A. Smith and Wm. M. Fair are at Mr. Smith's old home, near McHenry, hunting this week.

Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Ford, Fordsville, were the guests of Col. and Mrs. W. H. Moore this week.

Len McHenry, who has been attending Centre College, Danville, is spending Christmas at home.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Heavrin have returned from a visit to relatives in Daviess and Henderson counties.

Miss Mary Taylor, who has been visiting relatives in Louisville for several weeks, returned last Saturday.

Clayton Woodward and family, Coerterton, spent Saturday night with the family of Wm. Foster, Sr.

Wilbur and Luther Barnett, Owenton, visited relatives in the Beda and Kinderhook neighborhoods, this week.

Misses Clara Denton and Hattie Galloway, who are attending school here, spent Christmas at their homes at Robards.

Wm. Foster, Jr., who is attending the Law Department of Vanderbilt University, is spending Christmas at home.

Mrs. J. S. McDaniel, Rockport, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ed. Taylor, returned home Wednesday.

E. B. Ransdell, Harrodsburg, has accepted a position as salesman in Kahn's Popular Trade Palace, where he will be glad to see you.

Arthur Coke, an old student of the College, now of Georgetown College, spent last Thursday night in this city, enroute home for the holidays.

L. Stevens, Tallapoosa, Ga., arrived in Hartford last Friday, and will likely go into business here. We gladly welcome such young men to our midst.

**Fire, Fire!**

The early risers of yesterday morning discovered a light in Guffy & Ringo's law office, but thought nothing of it, until Mr. S. B. Howard discovered that the house was on fire and he immediately gave the alarm. The whole town was soon aroused and many people gathered around the scene, but to do no good. The fierce racing flames drove furiously through the frame buildings, beginning at H. C. Pace's house and going to the bank building where it was confronted with a massive brick wall and stopped, but not until it had laid all the buildings in ashes. It looked for a while as though the large tobacco house just back of the bank was bound to be burned, but the flames were fought and driven back and thus saved what might have been a more destructive fire.

Carson & Morton's new building was in much danger, but was saved.

The total loss will reach about \$3,000 with very little insurance.

Guffy & Ringo's loss was about \$250; E. D. Guff's library was valued at \$1,400, and his furniture and fixtures makes his loss about \$1,500; H. Wheinheimer's jewelry store together with some tools, at about \$500; Mrs. Morris' house at \$500, and H. C. Pace's house on the corner at \$400. The bank wall was considerably damaged, but nothing was hurt inside.

**Remember**

Kahn's Clothing House still gives away Silverware with every \$15 and upward worth of goods. He will supply your side board and dining room with silverware free of cost. Come and get a card, and bring it with you every time you come and have it punched.

**The Last Chance**

To buy your overcoats at Kahn's Clothing House at your own price; only a few left.

**TOWN TAXES.**

Those who have not paid their town taxes are earnestly requested to do so at once. I must make settlement soon and your prompt action in the matter will be appreciated and will save time and trouble.

Res'y, W. P. THOMAS.

For Rent

The Commercial Hotel. Call on or address,

G. J. BEAM.

#### Christmas with the Methodist Sunday School.

At 11 o'clock last Sunday a large crowd gathered at the Methodist Church to attend the exercises of the school. A very interesting program was rendered to the delight of the audience. Mrs. J. S. Gleam had trained the little folks in their pieces, while Mrs. D. E. Thomas had prepared the music and the success of the occasion is sufficient evidence of their excellent work. Every part was well rendered and all departed well pleased with the hour so agreeably spent. The following is the program in full:

PROGRAM.

Song by School.

Christmas—Wayne Griffin.

Christmas Choral—Lizzie Miller.

Lyman Williams, Isabelle Cox, Joseph Miller, May Westerfield and Carl Plate.

ANTHEM.

The first Christmas Morning—Sue Bowman.

What Shall I Give to Thee—Sallie Taylor.

Christmas Bells—Eldred Pate.

Short Address—William Foster.

Song by School.

Christmas Morning—Mc. Fogle.

Irene Miller, Fannie Cox, Kitty Colgate, Jessie Glenn.

Christmas Song—Mazie Thomas.

The Dying Year—Ida Duke.

Doxology. Benediction.

**ETNAVILLE.**

District No. 36. The following is the report of our school for the month of Dec., ending on the 23d.

HONOR ROLL.

Viola Miller 100, Hattie Brown 100, Inis Phillips 100, Bessie Loyd 100, Alma Phillips 100, Mary McKinley 100, Eliza Story 100, Marne Brock 99, Maggie Miller 100, Lattie Story 100, Era Loyd 100, Alfred Loyd 100, Tom Brown 100, Junius Miller 100, Henry Lyons 100, Willie Haynes 100, Ira Chewning 99, Leslie Brown 99, Lizzie Miller 100, Katie Thornton 100, Vern Loyd 100, Emma Lyons 100, Ida Simpson 100, Corda Harrison 100, Ethel Westerfield 100, Missouri Loyd 100, Tinney Harrison 100, Cleveland Loyd 100, Lemuel Coleman 100, Tom Brown 100, Lawrence Brown 100, Est

## Hartford Republican

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1892.

### A WEIRD TALE

Of the Death-Rain of Meteors in Dakota.

**The Legend Which Tells How the Sioux Were Aided by Great Hostile Agents from Heaven which Brought Down Death—whatever the Origin. It is a Fact That a Section of the Country is Strewn with Round Meteoric Stones.**

[B'a'e.]

Probably the strongest tale of show-down by meteorites has been handed down by the Sioux Indians in Dakota. A story is told by the old men of the tribe, and they say that they received it from their ancestors, who were participants in the fight by the intervention of the Manitou. The story has been handed down by tradition from father to son until it has become a part of tribe's history and is firmly believed by all the Indians on the Coteau range. Nor is the story without evidence to prove its truth. The very name of the Cannon Ball river is derived from the traces of this miraculous intervention of the heavens of the Indian fight.

The "Cannon Ball river" is a mystic title, indeed, and perhaps the reader will wonder from what source the name was derived. The Cannon Ball river is one of the many streams of the northwest that join to make the "Big Muddy," and as it wanders through the "Bad Lands" and down through the valleys of the Coteau range there is apparently nothing to distinguish it from the many other rivers and streams that water that country. But there is a peculiarity about the stream that is most singular, and one that would probably pay a geologist to investigate. An hour's ride from Bismarck, on the opposite shore of the Missouri from Standing Rock Indian agency, is the mouth of the stream, where its waters mingle with the muddy river that flows to join the Father of Waters near St. Louis. Along this stream, a distance of four or five miles from its mouth, may be found hundreds and thousands of stones of all sizes. The reader may think there is nothing extraordinary in this. The extraordinary part is not the presence of the stones, but in their shape and weight.

The stones of the Cannon Ball river are far different from the stones generally found along the streams of the Dakotas. Each and every stone is a perfect sphere and is extraordinarily heavy. The sizes range from that of a large bullet to that of a ten pound cannon ball, some of them even reaching the size of three feet in diameter. The balls are much prized by the people who have moved into that country, and many have them as ornaments, either in the houses or, if they are large, in their yards. They are strange curios, and no one ever visits the river without taking away one or more of the round stones as mementoes of the visit. No one has ever attempted to explain the origin of these stones, but the writer, though there must be something that would explain their presence, and spent several days among the Sioux Indians trying to discover it, there was any legend connected with the stones. One old chief was at last induced to tell what the old people had heard about them. The story was told with all the seriousness that characterizes the aborigines when they are telling the legends that have been handed down as a part of the tribal history. I will tell the story as it was told to me and let the astronomers account for it as they please, neither vouching for the truthfulness of it, or denying that it bears the resemblance of a romance:

Many years ago, which, in Indian lore may mean fifty or a thousand years, the white man had never been heard of in these regions, and the mighty Sioux nation reigned supreme all along the great water, from its head to its mouth. Their vast possessions stretched from the Coteau range in the far North to the mighty waters that rolled in turbulent streams to the gulf to the South. And the tents and tepees of the mighty Sioux nation dotted the whole country, while thousands of braves were ready to follow the fortunes of the reigning chieftain. In their power there was one draw-back, and that was the mighty nation of Crows, which inhabited a land far to the West of the possessions claimed by the Sioux, and there was a constant enmity between the two powerful nations. It had never come to a war of extermination, but the Sioux knew that their enemies could out-number them in the matter of warriors, and consequently had never attempted to make and open issue for possession of the land claimed by the Crows. As time passed on, however, the Crows became more and more aggressive, and at last it became almost constant warfare, with the Crows gradually pushing their way into the dominion of the Sioux. Hardly a week passed without a battle, which ended with fearful slaughter. Each time there was a fight the number of the Sioux grew less, until at last the old chieftain of the tribe saw that it was but a question of time until their once powerful nation would dwindle away to nothing and become a part of the nation of their hereditary enemy.

They were not men to tamely sit

down and die, nor were they men that would give up until the last hope was gone, and that they fought on and on, even when they saw that all chance of victory was lost. One dreadful day there came a breathless runner into the village where the last remnant of the nation had gathered, and his news was that the Crows were coming with an overwhelming force and intended to utterly wipe out the last of the Sioux. The strength was strengthened and the Indians felt that this was to be the last of their race. There was no thought of surrender. It was to be a battle to the death. One of the tribes must be exterminated. To fall into the hands of the enemy meant torture that was a thousand times worse than death.

A small party of scouts was dispatched to look after the enemy and report upon their position, but these scouts never returned. Their bloody scalps were afterward seen dangling from long poles in the possession of the Crows. When this ghastly sight was brought before the entrenched Sioux a scene of consternation followed. The squaws and papooses, with the old and feeble warriors, were huddled together in one group, while the braves assembled under the leadership of the most noted chiefs and prepared for the onslaught of the enemy. Just when life looked darkest for the Sioux there appeared in their midst Long Red Dog, the medicine man of the tribe. He was the greatest known medicine man of the whole land, and his words had the weight of law with the Sioux. As he stalked into the crowd where the preparations were being made for battle the Indians flocked around him and listened for the words that might fall from his lips. A wave of his long, bony hand calmed the warriors and he spoke:

Brethren, the Crows have reinforced their already powerful army. Some of our once most trusted and faithful warriors are among them. They have proven themselves traitors to the blood that binds them to the Sioux. They have betrayed us and doomed us to die. The Crows will sweep down upon us and destroy every thing in reach. Death and destruction will mark their path unless something comes to save us. They are now but a short distance away, and we must take our ponies and flee to the banks of the river if we would save our lives. When the battle comes kill yourselves rather than fall into the hands of the Crows. Red Dog has spoken mind his words.

Red Dog's words filled the Sioux with gloom, and the braves began to prepare for flight to the river. The ponies and squaws were packed and all that could not be carried was buried in order that it might not fall in the hands of the Crows. The fleeing Sioux reached the banks of the river when the advanced guard of the Crows was seen on a hilltop not half a mile away. Further flight was impossible and a stand was made for a fight. The Crows were now rapidly approaching and their numbers appeared to be almost countless. There seemed to be no salvation to the Sioux, who were huddled together, determined to fight to the last. Singing loudly their former war songs, the Crows dashed forward and the arrows and spears began to fall thick and fast among the Sioux. There seemed to be no hope for the Sioux, and Red Dog was just about to give the signal for the members of the band to kill themselves when there appeared an ominous gathering in the sky and a most peculiar feeling overcame the whole assemblage of the Sioux and Crows. The heavens assumed a dull greenish hue, such as usually precedes a tornado, and then a few drops of rain fell upon the heads of the combatants. But the rain soon changed into something that was stronger, and pebbles began dashing down upon the heads of the fighting Indians. The warriors stopped in amazement, and all gazed at the unaccountable sight that was seen. But the pebbles were not all that came down. The stones grew larger and larger until they assumed a size that meant death to all they struck. Down poured the cannon balls of heaven upon the Crows, but, wonderful to relate, not a Sioux was hit by one of the fearful missiles. The hand of the Manitou was seen in the destruction that was wrought to the hereditary enemy of the tribe, and the Crows were so stricken that they could not even flee, but cast themselves to the earth in their abject terror.

Hundreds of the Crows were slain by the mysterious pelting from the sky, and when the shower was over the remnant of the tribe hastily fled to their own land, pursued by the Sioux, who saw in the ending of the battle the return of their own supremacy in the country. From that memorable day the Sioux have been unmolested by other Indian tribes, and the round stones that are found in such abundance along the banks of the Cannon Ball River are the relics of the day when the Manitou of the tribe answered the prayers of Red Dog.

This is the legend, and there was evidently some foundation in fact, for the stones are of a meteoric character and show signs of erosion by fire.

WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve. Price 10 qrs., 50 cts. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

### IN THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Grandfather looks from the paneled wall At grandmother hanging across the hall, In the ripened glow of her stately grace; And a frown comes over his shadowed face As he says: "The world has grown askew, My dear, since we were young—we two."

"Nothing that was is the same to-day; Old-time fancies are cast away; All our scruples are laughed to scorn; All our customs are quite outworn; Each is seeking for something new— We were content with the old—we two."

Into the shades of the grim old room, Steal two forms through the twilight's gloom. Grandfather's eyes are sharp to see, And a deep voice utters tenderly: "For e'er will I love, and love but you. And we'll follow love to the end—we two."

Grandfather's face has lost its frown, And his eyes grown softer gaze gently down On the pair who naught of his watching know, "One thing goes on as it used to do In the days when we were young—we two." [From the Ladies' Home Journal.]

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Cough Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion Complaint, Bloating, loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

WOMEN Playing at Love. [From Ladies' Home Journal.]

There is but one way in which a married woman may safely lay her self out to be charming or fascinating to any man, and that is with the one purpose in mind, dominating all else, that she may arouse in him the conviction that her husband ought to be a happy man, writes Mrs. Burton Kingsland in an article on "Dangers of a Social Career" in the January Ladies' Home Journal. A woman may sometimes increase her value in her husband's eyes by the admiration of others when it is solely for his honor that she is seeking to please.

Vanity is not the only moral danger of a life spent in fashionable society, though it leads to its most disastrous consequences in often alienating a wife's affections from her husband, and vice versa. They handle edge tools who "play at love," and the divorce courts seem to be the only place resorted to for the cure of such wounds. If "the little rift within the fence" has already begun in a wife's relations with her husband, let her repair it at once, and realize that her life-long happiness depends on that man. It helps wonderfully in arousing one's own waning affections to try to gain that of another and deserve his highest admiration. There is another side to the subject—the husband may be in fault—but we are considering the matter from the woman's stand point. Let us—

"Act well our part,  
There all the honor lies."

SHILOH'S Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

SHILOH'S CATHARTIC Remedy—a positive cure for Cataract, Diarrhea and Cancer-Mouth. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

CINCINNATI's two Cent Paper. The Tribune, Cincinnati's new two cent morning paper, the announcement of the early appearance of which we noted recently, will appear about January the 2nd. Its publishers say they will make it not the largest, but the best daily paper published in Cincinnati; that it will compare favorably with the great two cent papers of Chicago and other leading cities. It will not be issued on Sunday. The price by mail will be fifty cents per month or six dollars a year in advance. Do not pay for a daily paper for a year until you have seen the Tribune.

ABLER'S PILE JUCKEYE OINTMENT CURES NOTHING BUT PINES.

A SURE and CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY FOR PINES especially for RHEUMATIC-PATHETIC MUSCLE SORES.

WHEN YOU GO TO OWENSBORO CALL ON C. Theo. Cain,

THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

For the finest and most artistic work, any size or style. Frederica St., between 3rd and 4th.

CALL ON Clark & Steitler,

The Leading Photographer.

Pictures in Every Style and Size.

Old Pictures Copied and Enlarged

A SPECIALTY.

108½ Main Street.

OWENSBORO, KY.

WHISKEY and Opium Habit cured at home with out pain. Book of par-

aphine. Dr. H. M. WOOLLEY, M.D.

Atlanta, Ga. Office 104½ Whitehall St.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint

Use Brown's Iron Bitter.

Physicians recommend it.

All dealers keep it \$1.00 per bottle. Genuine

Trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapped.

### Prize Word Puzzle.

EXPLANATION.—The following misplaced letters constitute when properly arranged the name of the most popular music publication on the continent, and the publishers of The Canadian Music Folio are offering a Prize Competition in connection with it, the sole object being to attract attention to their handsome publication and increase the circulation of it. As to the reliability of The Canadian Music Folio Company, and the estimation in which they are held in Toronto, Canada, where they are best known, contestants in this competition are referred to any of the "Mercantile Agencies" or leading Daily Newspaper of Canada, who will verify the statement that we are the only house in the Competition business in Canada that faithfully carries out what it advertises, and furthermore, "Ours" is the only advertisement of this kind that The Toronto Globe, the leading Canadian Newspaper, will accept, which is but another proof of our integrity.

C S N A I A L U ?  
I O I C M  
D F N C A

The publishers of The Canadian Music Folio will give an elegant span of Driving Horses with Carriage and Harness Complete, valued at \$100, and a silver fox fur coat, valued at \$50, to the first person who will correctly arrange the letters given above. The second will be given a Lady or Gentleman's Safety Razor, and the third will be given a Lady or Gentleman's Safety Comb. The fourth will be given a Lady or Gentleman's Safety Brush, and the fifth will be given a Lady or Gentleman's Safety Mirror. The sixth will be given a Silver China Dinner Service, 12 pieces; to the seventh a Silver Music Box, playing 12 pieces; to the eighth a Silver Clock, 8 days; to the ninth a French Mantel Clock; to the tenth an Antique Silver Banquet Lamp; to the eleventh a French Mantel Clock; to the twelfth a French Mantel Clock; to the thirteenth a French Mantel Clock; to the fourteenth a French Mantel Clock; to the fifteen a French Mantel Clock; to the sixteen a French Mantel Clock; to the seventeen a French Mantel Clock; to the eighteen a French Mantel Clock; to the nineteen a French Mantel Clock; to the twenty a French Mantel Clock; to the twenty-one a French Mantel Clock; to the twenty-two a French Mantel Clock; to the twenty-three a French Mantel Clock; to the twenty-four a French Mantel Clock; to the twenty-five a French Mantel Clock; to the twenty-six a French Mantel Clock; to the twenty-seven a French Mantel Clock; to the twenty-eight a French Mantel Clock; to the twenty-nine a French Mantel Clock; to the thirty a French Mantel Clock; to the thirty-one a French Mantel Clock; to the thirty-two a French Mantel Clock; to the thirty-three a French Mantel Clock; to the thirty-four a French Mantel Clock; to the thirty-five a French Mantel Clock; to the thirty-six a French Mantel Clock; to the thirty-seven a French Mantel Clock; to the thirty-eight a French Mantel Clock; to the thirty-nine a French Mantel Clock; to the forty a French Mantel Clock; to the forty-one a French Mantel Clock; to the forty-two a French Mantel Clock; to the forty-three a French Mantel Clock; to the forty-four a French Mantel Clock; to the forty-five a French Mantel Clock; to the forty-six a French Mantel Clock; to the forty-seven a French Mantel Clock; to the forty-eight a French Mantel Clock; to the forty-nine a French Mantel Clock; to the fifty a French Mantel Clock; to the fifty-one a French Mantel Clock; to the fifty-two a French Mantel Clock; to the fifty-three a French Mantel Clock; to the fifty-four a French Mantel Clock; 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